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CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.

In the year 1813, there was launched upon the Clyde a vessel, whose name, when the history of ocean steam-navigation comes to be written, will be honourably remembered in connection with the first steam-voyage upon British seas. This vessel was the *Argyle*, a packet of seventy tons' register, measuring in her keel seventy-nine feet, with sixteen feet of beam, and fitted with engines of fourteen horse-power, and paddle-wheels of nine feet in diameter. She had two cabins—one in the fore-castle, the other in the stern. In her waist was the engine, with the boiler on the starboard side, and the cylinder and fly-wheel on the larboard. Her smoke was carried off by a funnel, which also did duty as a mast, and was rigged with a large square sail. A gallery, upon which the cabin-windows opened, projected on each side so as to form a continuous deck, interrupted only by the paddle-boxes—an arrangement which had the further effect of making the vessel appear larger than she really was. On the outside of the gallery, eighteen large port-holes were painted, which, with the two she displayed upon her stern, made the *Argyle* look so formidable to those to whom a steamer was a novelty, that it was stated in a Committee of the House of Commons by several naval officers that, if they had met her at sea, they would have endeavoured to reconnoitre before attempting to bring her to.

The packet, such as we have described her, had been plying for a year between Glasgow and Greenock, when she was purchased by a London company with the intention of running her between that city and Margate. But a serious difficulty had first to be overcome. It was necessary to bring her round by sea from the Clyde to the Thames; and, notwithstanding the success which had six years before attended the enterprise of Stevens of Hoboken in navigating a steamer from the Hudson to the Delaware, it was the general opinion of nautical men that vessels of the new construction were unfitted to brave the open sea. There was then in London a man of the name of Dodd, who had served in the navy, had afterwards distinguished himself as an engineer and architect,* and who finally, driven by misfortunes to intemperance, almost literally died in the streets a beggar. To him the task was intrusted. Dodd accordingly arrived in Glasgow in April 1815, and with a crew of eight persons—a mate, an engineer, a stoker, four seamen and a cabin-boy, boldly put to sea about the middle of May. His

voyage at first was far from auspicious. The weather was stormy, the sea ran high in the strait which separates Scotland from Ireland, and, either through ignorance or negligence, the pilot during the night altered the course of the vessel, so that they ran a great risk of being wrecked. Dodd tells us that he had given orders that the steamer should be steered so as to gain the Irish coast by the morning; but at break of day a heavy gale was blowing; and it was discovered that, instead of being off the coast of Ireland, they were within half a league of a lee-shore, rock-bound, about two miles to the north of Port-Patrick. To attempt to beat off, in the teeth of the gale, by the united power of steam and sails, Dodd found to be impossible. Depending, therefore, entirely on the efficiency of his engine, he laid the vessel's head directly to windward, and ordered the log to be kept constantly going. The plan succeeded. The vessel began slowly to clear the shore, going direct in the wind's eye at the rate of something more than three knots an hour. Having thus acquired a sufficient offing, he bore away for Loch Ryan, and gained the Irish coast. On the 24th of May he entered the Liffey, being firmly of opinion that no other power than that of steam could have saved the vessel from destruction.

We have hitherto followed the account of the voyage as published by Dodd himself in the *Morning Chronicle* of June 15, 1815, and as afterwards embodied in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. Henceforth, however, in recounting the further fortunes of the adventurers, we shall avail ourselves, in preference, of the equally authentic, but far more picturesque narrative of Mr Weld, the secretary and historian of the Royal Society, by whom Dodd was accidentally joined in Dublin. The following extract from that gentleman's journal at once exhibits his reasons for embarking in the enterprise, and describes very pleasingly the excitement caused in the Irish capital by the arrival of the *Thames*, as Dodd, before leaving Glasgow, had re-christened the *Argyle*:

'On the 25th May 1815, I heard by accident that a steam-vessel had arrived at Dublin. I immediately went to see her, and found her on the point of starting with a number of curious visitors upon an experimental trip in the bay. I was so much pleased with all that I saw and heard concerning her, that, having previously intended to proceed to London, I determined to request Captain Dodd to receive me as a passenger, and to be permitted to accompany him throughout the voyage. He at once consented; and my wife having resolved on sharing the dangers of the voyage with me, we proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for our departure'—arrangements which, we may add

* He projected the Thames Tunnel, proposing to carry it across from Gravesend to Tilbury at an estimated cost of under £16,000!

parenthetically, comprehended all and probably more than would now be required for a voyage to America. 'On the 28th of May, being Sunday, we left the Liffey at noon. Many persons embarked with us from curiosity, but only to cross the bay as far as Dunleary [now Kingstown], where they landed. Unfortunately, the sea was very rough, which occasioned the most violent sea-sickness amongst the passengers. Several naval officers were on board, who were unanimous in declaring it to be their firm opinion that the vessel could not live long in heavy seas, and that there would be much danger in venturing far from shore. I deemed it right to inform my wife of this opinion; but, although she suffered greatly from sea-sickness, she persisted in her intention of accompanying me; and that evening, after having passed some hours on land at the house of a friend, the vessel put to sea, we being the only passengers. The shore was covered with several thousands of spectators, who cheered and wished us a prosperous voyage.'

The sea was comparatively calm as the vessel steamed into the Bay of Dalkey, and the passengers calculated on a pleasant voyage during the night; but when beyond the shelter of the coast, they found it to be as rough as ever. 'The motion of the vessel differed essentially from that of a sailing-vessel; the action of the wheels on the water at each side prevented her rolling. The most disagreeable movement was felt when the waves struck the vessel on the beam; but even then, her peculiar construction was advantageous, for the coverings which enclosed the wheels acted as buoys, and contributed to keep the vessel afloat. On such occasions, the noise produced by the sudden compression of the air within the wheel-boxes was frightful. After having sustained a concussion on one side, a second was generally felt on the other by a sort of reaction, and a third, but much more feeble, succeeded, after which the vessel preserved a regular motion for several minutes. I do not recollect ever experiencing more than three of these concussions in rapid succession, and their invariable effect was to terminate the rolling motion, which sometimes lasts a long time in sailing-vessels. It cannot be denied that the concussions occasioned temporary alarm, accompanied as they were by the noise which has been mentioned, and by the shaking of the whole vessel; but no permanent inconvenience resulted: on the contrary, the equilibrium, as I have stated, was soon re-established, and the vessel, as sailors say, pursued a *dry course*, bounding so lightly over the waves that during the entire voyage we were not once wetted even by the spray.'

The voyagers soon left far behind them all the vessels which had sailed from Dublin with the same tide, and the following morning about nine o'clock were off Wexford. The dense smoke which issued from its mast-chimney being observed from the heights above the town, it was concluded that the vessel was on fire. All the pilots immediately put off to its assistance; and nothing could exceed their surprise, mingled with disappointment, when they saw that the ship was in no danger whatever, and that their hopes of salvage were at an end.

The weather had now become so stormy, that Captain Dodd determined to put into the port, his great object, as Mr Weld says, being to navigate the vessel safely to London, rather than, by using great dispatch, to expose her to unnecessary risk.

At two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, May 30, Dodd put again to sea, and steered for St David's Head, the most westerly point of Wales. During the passage across St George's Channel, one of the blades of the starboard paddle-wheel got out of order. The engine was stopped, and the blade cut away. Some hours after, a similar accident befell the larboard-wheel, which was remedied in the same manner. The loss of

one blade in each paddle made no apparent difference in the progress of the vessel. Fortunately, when the accident occurred, the sea was very calm, and all the shoals had been passed.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, twelve hours after leaving Wexford, the steamer reached the Pass of Ramsay, between the island of that name and St David's Head. There the adventurers remained for three hours to oil the engine, and to give the stoker, who had not quitted his post for an instant since leaving Wexford, a little rest. There, too, as at Wexford, boats put out from different parts of the coast to the assistance of the vessel, which they believed to be on fire. Leaving Ramsay, they commenced steaming through the straits and across St Bride's Bay. The weather had now become unfavourable, and the sea ran alarmingly high in the bay. 'The waves, indeed, were of such magnitude, that, when ingulfed between them, the coast, although very lofty, could not be seen; but the vessel held her way most gallantly over all.' A small fleet of merchant-vessels left the Straits of Ramsay with the voyagers; but in the passage of the bay alone, the latter had left them so far behind, as to be able to see only their masts.

On the south side of St Bride's Bay, between Skomar Island and the mainland, there is a dangerous passage called Jack Sound. Their pilot warned them against attempting this passage excepting at high-water, and with a favourable wind, as there were several formidable whirlpools which would seize the vessel, and carry her on the rocks. Captain Dodd, however, who knew the power of his engine, insisted on going through the sound, in order to save five hours and another night at sea. 'The pilot,' says Mr Weld, 'reiterated his remonstrances, at the same time trembling with fear; but we passed through all the whirlpools with the greatest ease. Nothing, however, can be conceived more frightful than the aspect of some of the rocks, and especially of those called *The Bishop and his Clerks*, which are the scene, annually, of numerous shipwrecks. Had we been in a sailing-vessel, our position would have been most perilous; but our steam was all-powerful, and brought us safely into Milford Haven.' As they were steaming up the harbour, they met the government mail-packet proceeding from Milford to Waterford with all her sails spread. They had passed her about a quarter of a mile, when Captain Dodd determined to send some letters by her to Ireland. The *Thames* was immediately put about, and in a few minutes she was alongside of the packet-ship, and sailed round her, notwithstanding the latter continued under-way. The captain and passengers wrote a few letters, put them on board the packet, sailed round her once again, and then continued their course to Milford.

During the whole of the 31st of May and the 1st of June, the adventurers had ample occupation at Milford in satisfying the curiosity of numerous naval officers who were anxious to see the *Thames*, and to examine her engine, as well as to test her sailing-powers. It became necessary also to cleanse the boiler, which had not been done since leaving Glasgow. It had appeared to Mr Weld on the passage that it was becoming filled by degrees with salt, and he had questioned the engineer on the subject, but had been assured that not an atom had been formed there. Of course, when the boiler was examined, it was discovered that Mr Weld was right, and the engineer wrong.

Late on the evening of the 31st, they again put to sea, in company with the *Myrtle* sloop-of-war, whose captain (Bingham) and a company of ladies were aboard the steamer, anxious to see how she would behave in a rough sea. The *Myrtle* was obliged to hoist royals and studding-sails to keep up with the *Thames*, and at last, crowding all sail, she could get very little ahead. 'Had the steam been fully up,' says Mr Weld in a private letter, 'we should have

beaten her. But our great superiority was yet to be shewn. Dodd, in his gallantry, determined to carry the ladies back to Milford, instead of consigning them to an open boat; which he accordingly performed, and left the sloop-of-war far behind; and when we returned to go to sea, we found she had anchored, being unable,' owing to the failure of the wind, 'to reach her former station.'

On Friday morning, the voyagers were in the middle of the Bristol Channel, with no land visible; but towards evening, they discovered the high coast which terminates England on the west. As the weather, however, again assumed a gloomy aspect, their new pilot—for the other had been discharged at Milford—judged that it would be imprudent that night to double the Land's End, so that Dodd determined to shape his course towards St Ives. On approaching the shore, a crowd of small vessels was seen making towards the steamer with all possible rapidity by means of sails and oars. At St Ives, as elsewhere, the alarm had been taken on seeing a vessel, supposed to be on fire, steering towards the town, and all the disposable craft immediately put to sea. 'The pilot-boats of this station,' says Mr Weld, 'are, without exception, the finest I have ever seen. They carry two sails and six rowers. When they were told that we did not want them, they tacked about, and severally sought to out sail each other. In the course of about seven miles, we outran all of them upwards of a mile. These sea-faring men then told us, that our vessel was the first that could surpass them in swiftness, and that they easily approached ships-of-war and custom-house cutters, which are esteemed the quickest sailers. All the rocks commanding St Ives were covered with spectators; and when we entered the harbour, the aspect of our vessel appeared to occasion as much surprise amongst the inhabitants as the ships of Captain Cook produced amongst the islanders of the South Sea. This was no novelty to us, for wherever we had coasted along, we were the object of equal astonishment, until the public papers, in announcing the arrival of a steam-boat in the Irish Channel, and giving some explanation of the mode in which the vessel was moved, in some measure diminished the wonder of the spectators, though not their curiosity.'

As the port of St Ives affords no shelter from the north-east wind, and as it began to blow very heavily from that point, it was found advisable to carry the vessel into the port of Hale, four miles distant, where anchor was cast at the mouth of the river, in a position of perfect safety.

The operation of doubling the Land's End had from the first been represented as by far the most difficult and dangerous part of the voyage; and Mr and Mrs Weld had accordingly gone across the neck of land to the south coast, where they thought of remaining until the vessel came round. But as one of the motives which had led them to undertake the voyage was its difficulty as well as its novelty, they resolved, instead of waiting for the *Thames*, to return to Hale, and to brave with the steamer's crew the dangers of the passage round the Land's End.

At four o'clock on Monday, the 5th of June, the weather appearing milder, they accordingly re-embarked; but in doubling Cornwall Head, the most northern of those two great promontories which terminate England on the west, a tremendous swell from the Atlantic met them, whilst the tide, which ran strongly down St George's Channel, combining with the swell, raised the waves to such a height, as to render their position in the highest degree alarming. The vessel seemed to suffer considerably, and the repeated concussions against the paddle-boxes terrified the pilot, who now heard them for the first time. Night approached without any port being within reach,

excepting that which they had left, and which was now too distant to think of regaining. Such was the state of things, when 'Captain Dodd observed that the vessel sailed better before the waves than in any other direction; he therefore spread some sails, and made a long tack, close-hauled, so as to get out of the latitude when the swell struggled against the tide; and at the end of some hours, we doubled the Land's End, and found ourselves in a comparatively tranquil sea. We were then at the entrance of the British Channel, which is always calmer than the Irish Sea; the sun shone out in great brilliancy, and the coast unfolded all its beauties of woods, villages, and rich cultivation, as we glided along.'

At eleven o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, June 6, the adventurers arrived at Plymouth. The harbour-master, who had never seen a steam-vessel before, was as much struck with astonishment when he boarded the *Thames*, as a child is in getting possession of a new plaything. 'The sailors ran in crowds to the sides of their vessels as we passed them, and mounting the rigging, gave vent to their observations in a most amusing manner.'

The whole of Wednesday was taken up in shewing the capabilities of the steamer to the port-admiral and to the naval officers who went on board.

At noon on the following day they left Plymouth, and steamed, without interruption, to Portsmouth, where they arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning of Friday, having accomplished 155 miles in twenty-three hours.

At Portsmouth, astonishment and admiration were, if possible, more strongly evinced than elsewhere. Tens of thousands of spectators assembled to gaze at the *Thames*; and the number of vessels that crowded around her was so great, that it became necessary to request the port-admiral to assign the voyagers a guard, in order to preserve some degree of order. They entered the harbour in the most brilliant style, steaming in, with the assistance of the wind and tide, at the rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour. A court-martial was sitting at the time on board the *Gladiator* frigate, but the novelty of the steam-boat presented an irresistible attraction; and the whole court went off to her excepting the president, who was obliged by etiquette to retain his seat until the court was regularly adjourned.

On Saturday, the 10th of June, the port-admiral, Sir Edward Thornborough, sent his band and a guard of marines at an early hour on board, and soon afterwards followed in person, accompanied by three admirals, eighteen post-captains, and a large number of ladies. The morning was spent very pleasantly in steaming amongst the fleet, and running over to the Isle of Wight. The admiral and all the naval officers expressed themselves delighted with the *Thames*.

From Portsmouth the steamer proceeded to Margate, which was reached on Sunday morning the 11th, where she remained until the following day, when the captain and passengers embarked for their final trip, at half-past eight in the morning, and about six in the evening arrived at Limehouse, where they moored. As usual, they passed everything on the Thames—all the fast-sailing Gravesend boats, pleasure-boats, West-Indiamen, &c. The following table, taken from Mr Weld's journal, shews the distances from Dublin in nautical miles, and the time occupied in performing them: From Dublin to Kingstown, 8—1½ hours; Kingstown to Wexford, 67—13¾ hours; Wexford to Ramsay, 63—11 hours; Ramsay to Milford, 18—4¼ hours; Milford to St Ives, 110—19 hours; St Ives to Plymouth, 118—19 hours; Plymouth to Portsmouth, 155—23 hours; Portsmouth to Margate, 123—20¾ hours; Margate to Limehouse, 90—9 hours: total, 758 nautical miles—121½ hours. The *Thames*, we may mention, carried fifteen tons of coal, her

consumpt being, on the average, a ton for every hundred miles. The distance between Portsmouth and Margate was, however, performed with an expenditure of something less than that quantity.

So ended this memorable voyage, the first, if we except the comparatively insignificant adventure of Stevens in America, ever performed by a steam-boat on the open seas. And it seems strange that, with such satisfactory practical evidence in favour of ocean steam-navigation, steam-packets were not at once adopted, and that it should have been left for a Scottish company in 1818 to institute a line of steamers between Greenock and Belfast, the first of which, the *Rob Roy*, of about thirty horse-power, and ninety tons' register, was built and launched by David Napier in that year.

A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF MOTTOES.

THE honourable and facetious Judge Haliburton, in the course of an address lately delivered by him at Manchester, is reported to have said, among other sly pokes in the national ribs which he took the opportunity of administering, that he had been 'a good deal amused by looking over a book that applied to no part of the world but England, called the Peerage-book, and reading the quaint mottoes of the nobility contained therein.' I confess to having been inexpressibly shocked when I read this irreverent paragraph. My attention was called to it by the extraordinary demeanour of my wife. Instead of the calm and supercilious glance with which that exemplary and highly connected woman usually skims through the columns of the *Morning Post* not containing the fashionable intelligence, I observed with astonishment that her light-blue eyes flashed with indignation, her aquiline nose curled with scorn, her flaxen ringlets quivered with emotion, and her whole slim and aristocratic, not to say bony, person underwent the feminine and expressive operation of 'bridling up.' And no wonder! Every right-minded and well-regulated British matron would shudder with horror at such an unprincipled attack upon her favourite reading. Oh, sacrilegious Sam Slick! when you can connect the awful volume that forms a manual of devotion to thousands of the best families in England, with anything so low as fun or amusement—when you can treat the idol before which society, in this country, bows down and worships, with no more respect than if it were a ridiculous Chinese *joss*, your organ of veneration must, I fear, be very imperfectly developed. And oh, ye men of Manchester! oh, ye profane cotton-manufacturers! ye have much to answer for, if, as is reported of you, ye encouraged the colonial wag with shouts of applause! 'No, no, Justice Haliburton,' I indignantly exclaimed. 'You may laugh, and welcome, at our Peace Society—you may twit the heads of our colonial department with knowing nothing whatever about the colonies intrusted to their charge—you may crack your jokes about our army administration—you may even quiz our prime-minister! but there is one thing you may not do—you may not make fun of our Peerage-book: that time-honoured institution, at least, must be held sacred.'

Such were my sentiments as I laid down the newspaper and opened Debrett, with a view of refuting the aspersions that had been cast upon its aristocratic pages. I say *were*, because, to my astonishment, I discovered that the illustrious Clockmaker was right. The mottoes of the nobility are quaint—very quaint. There are between 400 and 500 of them, and an exceedingly queer and miscellaneous jumble of odds-and-ends they are—quite a literary hotch-potch, consisting of moral maxims, quotations from Horace, specimens of alliteration, battle-cries, jingling rhymes, patriotic sentiments, atrocious puns, and wise saws, in all languages—ancient, modern, and medieval.

Latin appears to be the favourite heraldic dialect, and then French; English comes third; and the remainder are in Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Italian, Spanish, and Greek. Of Irish mottoes, there are three specimens. *Lam dearg Erin* is the red hand of Ireland that distinguishes the Lords O'Neill; and *Crom a boo* and *Shannet a boo* form the war-cries of the Duke of Leinster and Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey. *A boo*, which we recognise at once, from its eccentric termination, as a sample of the purest Milesian, means *for ever*; and *Crom* and *Shannet* are names indicating the respective families to which they belong. *Crom* was a castle in the county Limerick, that formerly belonged to the Dukes of Leinster. Of Italian mottoes, there are two instances—that of the Dukes of Bedford, *Che sarà sarà* (What will be, will be), and Lord Dorset's *Cio che Dio vuole, io voglio* (What God wills, I will). The only Spanish one belongs to the Duke of Marlborough: *Fiel pero desdichado* (Faithful though unfortunate). Greek gets only half a motto, but of that I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and the English, French, and Latin ones are, like the advantages in an auctioneer's advertisement, 'too numerous to particularise.' The gems of the collection, however, that I have kept for the last as a kind of *bonne bouche*, are undoubtedly Welsh. I warn the reader beforehand not by any means to attempt to pronounce the fearfully and wonderfully constructed syllables I am about to place before him. He is merely to wonder at and admire them, as he would some rare and curious animal in the Zoological Gardens, which he is requested by the keeper not on any account to touch. For instance, would anything short of a tetanic convulsion of the epiglottis produce the sounds necessary to convey the meaning—if meaning it have—of Lord Mostyn's motto: *Heb ddw Heb ddym Ddwadwygan*? Six poor unfortunate little vowels to eighteen tall consonants! They are like Falstaff's 'half-pennyworth of bread' to his intolerable quantity of sack. In the subscription of Lord Dinorben's coat-of-arms, *Rhad dw a rhyddid*, they are jostled in an even more unmannerly way. If mottoes are to be considered in any degree emblematical of the dispositions of their owners, the Welsh noblemen must be very eccentric characters indeed!

After a careful perusal of the Peerage-book—and a very fatiguing operation it is—I find that the mottoes of the nobility may be divided into five distinct classes: the highly moral, the characteristic, laconic, eccentric, and comic.

The first-mentioned class, I am happy to say, greatly preponderate. Under this head I include the loyal, patriotic, philanthropic, and sentimental. *Dieu et mon droit* heads a long list of equally pious and manly sentiments; and there are no less than thirty mottoes commencing with the word *Virtue*, and praising its beauty and power. Supposing each nobleman to adopt his own motto: 'Virtue,' says the Earl of Abingdon in Latin, 'is stronger than a battering-ram;' 'Virtue is a sheet-anchor,' cries Lord Gardner; 'It is equal,' in the opinion of Lord Howard of Effingham, 'to a thousand shields;' 'Virtue alone ennobles,' adds Lord Wallscourt; 'It overcometh envy,' exclaims the Earl of Cornwallis; 'It flourishes for ever,' chimes in Lord Belmore with enthusiasm. There is nothing like virtue, cry half-a-dozen other noblemen. *Virtue and faith, virtue and labour, virtue and the protection of Heaven*, 'virtue, and nothing but virtue,' sing this aristocratic chorus, is our 'watchword, our shield, our buckler, our guide, counsellor, and friend.' It is gratifying to know that faith is nearly as much appreciated as virtue by the hereditary nobility of England—*Faith and love, Faith and hope, Faith and courage, Faith and fortitude*, being the burden of a great number of their mottoes. The advantages of strength and courage are much insisted on, but generally in connection with one

or more of the cardinal virtues. *Forte et fidele* is the motto of Lord Talbot of Malahide; 'Nothing is difficult to the brave and faithful,' embodies the principle of Lord Muskerry. Honour and honesty are of course in great request: 'Honour is the reward of virtue,' says the Earl of Ferrers, and 'of fidelity,' adds Lord Boston; *Honesta quam splendida!* ejaculates Viscount Barrington in a burst of admiration—'How magnificent are the acquirements of honour!' Others breathe the most devoted loyalty, the most exalted patriotism, the purest philanthropy—in fact, if the English nobility only act up to their mottoes, the House of Lords must be a perfect tabernacle of goodness!

Characteristic mottoes are principally the property of illustrious naval and military heroes, or distinguished lawyers, who have been raised to the peerage for professional achievements. Thus, Lord Nelson's was *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*, although a more appropriate one for Britain's greatest naval commander would have been the immortal sentence imperishably connected with his name: 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' The Duke of Wellington's, *Fortune, the companion of valour*, though applicable enough to the great captain's career, bore no reference to his deeds of arms, it having been used by his family for many generations. The *Avancez* of Lord Hill is a model motto for a soldier—short, sharp, and decisive; and Lord Hood's *Ventis secundis*, a sailor's grateful expression of how much he was indebted to the fickle element for his success. Now-a-days, however, an admiral would be more inclined to sing the praises of steam. Peers sprung from the law have been generally either practical or legal in their choice of a sentence to illustrate their escutcheon. Thus, the dignity of labour is asserted in the *Labore* of Lord King, and the *Labor ipse volupatus* of Lord Tenterden. Lord Abinger's is *Suis stat viribus* (He stands in his own strength). Lord Brougham is for 'The king, the law, and the people;' Earl Camden, 'The judgment of our peers, or the law of the land.' Lord Ellenborough, whose patronymic was Law, and who may be said to have been so both by name and nature, selected *Compositum jus fasque animi*, which Debreton rather freely renders, Law and equity. Lord Erskine, in his motto, upholds *Trial by Jury*; and in *Ultra pergere* (to push on and keep moving) is exhibited Lord Lyndhurst's love of progress, and no doubt the secret of his high position. Bishops are supposed to be so upright and learned, so full of Latin, Greek, and morality, that they require neither mottoes nor supporters—at all events, they have none.

On the principle, I suppose, that brevity is the soul of wit, a number of mottoes consist of only one word. Lord Hawke has, very appropriately, a falcon for his crest, and *Strike* for his motto, as the first lord of that name did, most effectually, when he pounced upon the French fleet off the West Indies, in the year 1747. The adjective *Firm* characterises Lord Stair; and the word *Fight* appears to constitute the rule of conduct of the pugnacious Earls of Rosslyn. Thus is the extremely short and incomprehensible watchword of Lord St Vincent; and the *Through* of the Duke of Hamilton is only partly explained by his crest, which is a tree with a frame-saw nearly 'through' it. I have no doubt that thereby hangs a tale. Leaving the monosyllables, we come to the short but singularly expressive maxim of the Dukes of Buccleuch, who, judging from their motto, appear to think that the whole duty of man lies in the verb *Amo*. The Lords Dundas hopefully believe that all one has to do to get on in the world is to *try*—*Essayez* cry they, and I think they are right. The Earls of Elgin, descended from Bruce, are modest, yet proud: in *Fuimus* (We have been), they point, of course, to the fact that the Bruces were once the royal line of Scotland. *Grip fast*, say the tenacious Lords Rothes, whose crest, to harmonise with their motto, instead of a mild-looking demi-griffin

proper, should have been a bull-dog rampant. *I dare*, cries the bold Earl of Carnwath. *Je pense*, says the meditative Lord Wemyss. *Je pense plus*, replies the Earl of Mar, in a friendly spirit of emulation. *Lead on* is the war-cry of Lord Hotham, which is hardly so chivalrous as the *Follow me* of the Marquis of Breadalbane. *Ready, aye Ready*, is the characteristic motto of the Napier family. If a pen could be substituted for the crescent which, grasped by a hand, forms their crest, the sentence would be still more appropriate. *Agincourt*, *St Vincent*, and *Algiers*, are words commemorative of deeds performed by the ancestors of Lords Wodehouse, Radstock, and Exmouth. The motto of Lord Mexborough, *Be fast*, can hardly be considered good advice to the younger branches of the family, if the meaning of the word 'fast' be taken according to the modern acceptance of the term.

A great many will be found to merit more particularly the expression applied to them by the Attaché. The *Flecti non frangi* of Lord Palmerston is curiously opposed in spirit to the *Frangas non flectes* of the Duke of Sutherland. *Bella, horrida Bella* is the queer motto of the ancient family of O'Bryen; and *Let Curzon hold what Curzon held*, apparently points to some time when a Lord Howe, tenacious of his rights, refused to let go, or tried to get back, some family property. The quintessence of eccentricity, however, is displayed in the incomprehensible motto of the Marquis of Conyngham; no one but Sir Bernard Burke could unveil the mystery that lies hid in the words, *Over fork over!*

Others derive their claim to notice from an absurd jingle or alliteration which appears to have been the principal object of the original framers of mottoes. The *Numen lumen, astra castra* of the Earl of Balcarres is a specimen of the former, and *Dum spiro spero* of Viscount Dillon of the latter. A dozen such might be cited: the *Foytier, fideliter, feliciter* of Lord Rathdown—*Un roy, une foy, une loy*, of the Marquis Clanricarde—*Data futa secutus, Non quo sed quomodo*, *Nunc aut nunquam, Via trita via tuta, Tâche sans tâche*; and many more.

I now approach a most distressing part of my subject. Dr Johnson's opinion of punning is well known. 'A man who would make a pun,' said the great lexicographer, 'would pick a pocket.' Judged by this standard, the morals of the ancestors of many of our highest nobility must have been in a most lamentable condition. Such a collection of flagrant quibbles and atrocious puns as are contained in the pages of Debreton, it has seldom been my lot to meet with even in *Punch*. There are some, indeed, which that privileged joker would not have the face to insert without the explanation, that they came from his insane contributor, or were dropped into his letter-box by some miscreant in the garb of a gentleman, who made his escape before a policeman could be found to take him in custody. The least harmless of these heraldic outrages is the double-faced motto of the Vernon family—*Vernon semper floret*, which may mean, as an interrogation, Does not the spring always flourish? or affirmatively, Vernon always flourishes. This is bad enough; but what will the unsuspecting reader say when I tell him that the motto unblushingly paraded before the world by the Lords Fortescue is *FORTE scutum, salus ducum?* or that *Cavendo tutus* is a feeble and unprincipled pun on the family name of the Duke of Devonshire, whose patronymic is Cavendish? In the same way, the paternal appellation of the Earl of Enniskillen being Cole, his motto is *Deum cole, regem serve!* In the apparently innocent sentences, *Ne vile fano* and *Ne vile velis* are embodied, I regret to say, the family names of the Earls of Westmoreland and Abergavenny, Fane and Neville. In the laudable sentiment, *Numini et patrie Asto*, the designation of its proprietor, Lord Ashton, is surreptitiously shadowed forth; and it is

difficult to believe that in the *TEMPLA quam dilecta* of the Dukes of Buckingham, their hereditary cognomen of Temple designedly lies hidden. The malice aforethought displayed in the *Fare fac* of Lord Fairfax, and the *Festina lente* of Lord On-slow, will rouse the indignation of all honest men. I have much pleasure in dragging the two following literary man-traps to light; they might perhaps escape the notice of a casual observer; but they are none the less dangerous for being cleverly concealed. Lord Falmouth's motto is, *Patience passe science*, apparently indicating, in the French language, the simple maxim, that patience surpasses knowledge, but really covering an unworthy quibble on the word patience; and in Lord Maynard's *MANUS JUSTA NARDUS*, the first and last syllable of his name are contained in the first and last word of his motto. After this, I seem to lose all confidence in human nature. I look through Debrett with a jaundiced eye, and fancy I can detect a pun lurking under every coat-of-arms. I fear to trace the innocent-looking aphorism, Bear and Forbear, to its heraldic resting-place, lest I should discover that its accompanying crest is a bruin's head gules, or a couple of animals of the same species, standing on their hind-legs, and collared and chained *argent*, as supporters.

The first Marquis of Londonderry may have harboured no evil designs when he chose the motto *Metuenda corolla draconis*, but after the melancholy instances I have quoted, how can I be sure of his honesty? I know that an ancestor of his raised a troop of horse when Londonderry was invested in the reign of William III.—the family has always been a cavalry family—they have for supporters a couple of hussars, one on a bay, the other on a gray, *guardant*; what assurance, then, have I that in the words, 'a dragon's crest is to be feared,' a horrible *double-entendre* has not been perpetrated, and that the crest or plume of a *dragon's* helmet is not covertly alluded to? Again, is it my fault that I eye with suspicion the eccentric motto of the Lysaght family? Instead of being the exclamation of some member of a mediæval Peace Society inveighing against the atrocities of war, may not the words bear reference rather to a domestic combat, in which some noble and indignant husband has apostrophised his beautiful but rebellious better-half as 'Bella, horrida Bella?' The well-known fact that Arabella was a favourite name for high-born ladies during the middle ages, reduces almost to a certainty this dreadful suspicion. In the same way, I look at the *Reparabit cornua Pheuz* of Lord Polwarth as I would at a barrel of gunpowder. My distrust is painfully augmented when I discover that the feminine element preponderates to an alarming extent in his coat-of-arms. As a crest, I find a lady richly attired, holding in her right hand the sun, and in her left hand a crescent, while, for supporters, are two mermaids holding mirrors in their hands, *all proper*. Is not this confirmation strong that some sublimary Phœbe is thus obliquely hinted at? But I will not pursue this melancholy subject any further. There is no necessity to multiply instances of the mental imbecility that must have pervaded society in general, when such lamentable attempts at jocularly were current among the upper classes. They were, indeed, the dark ages. One more example, and I have done. As a crowning specimen of heraldic depravity, I place before the reader the most deep-laid and designing *double-entendre* that ever shocked the susceptibility of an unfortunate tuft-hunter. The family name of the Lords Henniker is Henniker-Major. Their motto is *Deus MAJOR columnis*, and not satisfied with this, over their crest is inscribed with shameless effrontery, and with total disregard of the aspirate, the audacious apothegm, *Tou aristestein ENNEKA!* Such atrocity requires no comment. It surpasses in duplicity the motto of the rich tobaccoist who, on the advice of a wolf in sheep's clothing calling

himself a friend, adopted as an inscription for the panels of his newly set up carriage, the appropriate but double-barrelled sentence, *Quid rides*. Punning in Latin is bad enough in all conscience; but there is one offence that evinces a greater amount of moral turpitude—a lower depth of mental degradation—and that is, punning in Greek! The police ought to interfere in such cases. I close Debrett with a sigh, and agree with Sam Slick that the mottoes of our nobility, as recorded in the Peerage-book, are decidedly 'quaint.'

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

This is the courteous phrase in which the impossible contributor is addressed by the universal editor, with the cool malignity, perhaps, in addition, of the editor's compliments; and it is like receiving your rich uncle's affectionate blessing as his last bequest, instead of something you had expected in the 3 per cent.

From the outside of the editorial letter, generally, nothing can be gathered except Hope, which builds her nest in the very loopholes of the direction, and in the official water whereon the name of the awful journal is inscribed. But sometimes the communication takes the form of a big parcel, with the indelicacy of 'Not approved' outside, so that the very postman sees it; and you know at once that it is your epic in twelve cantos, or your transcendental essay upon the Origin of Evil, come back to the talented author, with 'Two shillings, if you please, for overweight.' Or these immortal efforts never come back at all, from which circumstance you suppose them to be accepted, and take in the judicious periodical for three months running, whereas no expectation can have less grounds upon which to stand even on tiptoe. When you have written, at last, to know at what date to expect these lights to appear, and receive no reply, you request, in a great rage, that they may be returned immediately; whereupon you are informed by a neat lithograph, that the Megatherium Magazine is never answerable for its rejected manuscripts. Or, again, no lithograph comes; upon which you presently call at the sacred office, and a little boy standing upon his head behind the counter, reverses that position to inform you that he 'don't know nothink about no papers,' and then instantly re-performs his favourite feat. Nay, suppose—for we may suppose anything—that one of these deathless works is at length published—that you believe yourself to have laid the foundations of a colossal fortune as well as a posthumous reputation—and that, above all, you have made your friends believe so, too—how very distressing it is to be informed, and not without some little importunity, that 'the circumstances of the Megatherium are such as to preclude any pecuniary compensation to its esteemed contributor.'

My favourite nephew, aged seventeen, being thwarted in his choice of a profession, which had fallen upon that of his beloved father, who keeps foxhounds, fixed for himself, in the second place, upon literature, which he knew to be pursued by his gifted uncle, myself; and this was the dexterous way in which I threw him off that scent: I brought him into my study, and shewed him my largest desk, which has been to him, I know, from early youth an object of mysterious awe and reverence. 'My son,' said I—adopting the style of *Rasselas*, *Prince of Abyssinia*, the *Arabian Nights*, and Mr W. M. Thackeray, which I find to be as good as any for domestic didacticism—'would'st thou learn how steep and slippery is the road to fame, read here: Thou seest before thee more than one hundred manuscripts, written with pain, research, and application, upon as many different subjects. This, where the lines run evenly, two and two, beginning at the same place and ending in a similar monosyllable, is poetry, the language of the gods; this, where the words are often underlined or italicised, in order to shew where the point lies more

perspicuously, is, of course, a humorous article; and this again, where the writing is interspersed with capital letters—such as Beauty, True, Undying, Ideal, Human, and the like—of course is a branch of metaphysics, at once the most useful and the most entertaining of sciences. Essays, sermons, statistics, novels, poems, and tragedies, I have tried my hand at all of them, and not, in my opinion, without credit.

"I see," cried the impetuous youth—"I see," while his heart beat high with a noble emulation; "and why should not I do the same as you, nunkey?"

"Listen!" said I solemnly. "When I was your age, I had already written as much again as you see here. At eight years old, I composed a heroic poem upon the subject of Hengist and Horsa, our early conquerors; at nine, an essay upon their respective characters; at ten, a tragedy, terminating in their deaths. I did not fetter myself pusillanimously with the actual facts, but caused the royal brothers to expire at an eating-match for the sovereignty, in the presence of their assembled nobles. *These three works are still in manuscript—unsung, unpublished, and unacted.* During the above period, I answered the ornithological conundrum of the Cottage Beehive, in hopes of obtaining its premium of a thousand copies, which, however, was "awarded to our clever young correspondent B." It was awarded, my son; but whether it was ever given to B. or not to B.—as the poet says—or whether B. existed, that is a question.

"I composed also more acrostics for the Conservative journal of my native county than you would easily imagine, and transferred them—upon rejection by that malignant print—to the Radical organ, which infidel and revolutionary paper refused them likewise. I have, I flatter myself, at various times, written under the protection of every letter in the alphabet; but "D. A. M." was invariably reminded that blasphemy was not wit; or "K. I. S.," that there was a point where gaiety degenerated into indecency. Nor was I more fortunate in my more ambitious aliases. "Quill Pen" was always told to mend himself; "Juvenia," to buy a spelling-book; and "Paterfamilias"—for in despair I tried that once—to stick to his home-affairs, and leave off writing rubbish. The idol of my heart was still, however, the periodical press; and I rose from beneath the wheels of its Juggernaut-car a wilder devotee than ever. The hopeless passion of appearing in print was born with me, I believe, just as much as our family name of Waggles; and it is not more likely to depart, than for the Queen, unsought, to grant me her letters-patent to assume the arms and title of Montmorenci. My genius, my enthusiasm, upon every subject was ready laid—as the housemaids say—and only required the lucifer-match of sympathy, applied by my dear mother, to cause it to burst forth into manuscript. She considered—bless her loving soul!—my Hengist and Horsa to be upon a level with any of the historical plays of Shakspeare; while your respected grandfather, whose tracts, as you remember to have heard, have had a European, and even an African reputation, and who disinherited your papa for keeping hounds, insisted that there was not enough of the religious element in either author. His connection with the Weekly Scourge for Sinners, was not of the smallest use in introducing me into that periodical, an amusing little sketch which I had sent for consideration being returned by the editor with a marginal request, written in red ink, that I should take care of my precious soul.

"You have heard it often remarked in your domestic circle that Uncle Waggles has written for the *Times* for many years, and you perhaps have revered him accordingly: be sure that it is for your good, then, that I now confess to you that the effect of these epistles—except in their secret influence upon the mind of the editor—has not been great, nor certainly of a general nature. Whenever a grievance has been

detected, at home or abroad, or the least excuse has offered itself for addressing the leading journal, I was always indeed the first as well as the last in the field of correspondents; but the letters were none of them ever published. The Family Hodge Podge, yonder, was the fiftieth journal in which my soul has yearned to expand itself without success; and upon my failure there, I determined to leave all serial literature to its receipts and recipes for ever. Since then, however, and alas! I have been as constant a contributor—a rejected contributor, that is—to everything as I was before: I found myself, the very next day, composing a tale called the Screw, the Lever, and the Plummerrule, which I afterwards sent to the Freemason's Intelligencer, sealed with a pair of compasses, and signed—I regret to acknowledge—"Brother Smith."

"This disease of *cacoëthes scribendi*, my son, is as hard to combat as dram-drinking or—which I am afraid will be a familiar image—cigar-smoking: avoid it while you may. I forgot to say that oftentimes my sorrow for these many disappointments poured itself forth in song; but I have not wooed the muse with any greater success than the young person, whoever she may be, who presides over unrhythmical compositions. Here are fifty lines from a little lyric—if you'd like to read them—entitled "Never," sent a month ago to the Weekly Coronal, and, need I say, rejected. The time is gone by for poetry in this country, as it is for nervous prose.

"Now, my dear nephew, what do you think of literature as a profession, a livelihood? Quite right and sensible. Go, tell your father that you will be a bishop instead. I'm sorry to turn you out of the study; but when I have finished this passage for *Punch*, I have got to scribble off a little entertaining something for the *Ecclesiologist*."

PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEGRO TOWN.

HAVING casually expressed a desire, or rather intention, to go over the town—Malagueah in Western Africa—it appeared to have been communicated to the king, and I very soon had a man in attendance, who announced himself as my deputed guide. He was one of the king's messengers, who, probably, had been selected for the office on account of his presumed proficiency in the English language; an acquirement which greatly enhanced his general merits in his own estimation, as well as in mine; and this, with an expression of great good-humour in his countenance, was a tolerable set-off to rather unprepossessing features, of which a prodigious large mouth was the most conspicuous, with, what is rather uncommon among Africans, very irregular coarse teeth: but here, again, nature or habit had counterbalanced the defect, by making that capacious organ the most indefatigable exponent of its owner's self-sufficiency. His costume comprised simply four articles—a long blue shirt, with the usual amplitude of sleeves; a pair of thick-soled native slippers; a small, black, close-fitting cap; and, of course, a *gree-gree* suspended round his neck. He manifested some impatience to be doing the honours of his office; and that I might judge of his paces beforehand, or gain some idea of his general energy, he continued taking rapid strides backwards and forwards in front of the piazza; stopping suddenly at intervals, and casting an inquiring look at my movements, whilst I remained writing off the immediate current of my thoughts at the table, which had been removed from the inner chamber for my accommodation. In truth, just then, I had no very vehement desire to go forth. The piazza was unusually free from loungers, and, happily, the two or three it contained were taciturn; an agreeable coolness prevailed under the projecting roof, and with it a soft subdued light, quite different

from the broad hot glare of the mid-day sun outside, in which my expectant cicerone was taking his exercise.

But my impatient attendant at once settled the matter by coming to a full stop, taking a dead aim at me with his 'English,' and letting off an appeal to my sympathies which there was no resisting.

'Come, come, ole man!' exclaimed he, 'you go? See town, eh? Fine town, fine walk—berry fine, eh, yes!' and I at once yielded to the half remonstrance, half command, and put aside my papers.

Passing from the yard through the *lodge*, I was going to call it—but the *zadingy*, the native designation, would be better—we proceeded to the right, between walls on either side, which defined the width of the streets at about ten feet, their height being about seven feet, covered at the top with dry palm-leaves and long grass overlapping, to counteract the influence of the sun's rays upon the consolidated mixture of mud and clay of which they were composed, and which presented a yellowish-brown surface, embellished here and there with some fissures and cracks. These street-walls ramify the whole town, extending to the outer wall which surrounds it. At every thirty feet, or thereabout, we come to a lodge or *zadingy*, like the one I had just left; and this leads into a yard or enclosure containing a certain number of houses, that may be regarded as a small walled parish of the town. One *zadingy* occasionally serves for an entrance to two separate enclosures, by having two doorways in the inner wall. At a few of the open spaces which occasionally occur, where one street runs into another in an oblique direction, I observed a circle in the centre, of large rude stones—not, as with us, for the protection of the pious, but consecrated to extempore prayer. It was very evident that general convenience had dictated the direction of the streets, rather than any regard to regularity, the necessary points of communication with the several separate establishments being the chief object. It seemed pretty evident, during my subsequent intercourse with the people, that a prescriptive right existed among them, maintained by mutual good-will and the simplicity of their habits, to pass and repass, without concern, through one another's premises, whenever occasion called for it. This, however, may be considered a prevalent custom among most African tribes, and, indeed, among most primitive peoples.

Notwithstanding the prevailing sameness in the formation of the yards and the structure of the dwellings, they presented distinctive features, and a general attention to order and cleanliness calculated to arrest and gratify the attention of a stranger. In some instances, the houses were rather larger than the majority, thatched and finished with greater nicety, the raised terraces of the piazzas smoother on the surface and sharper at their angles, and many of them were decorated with ornamental borders and quaint figures, somewhat of the Egyptian character, generally worked in the mud composition when in a plastic state, and then coloured red or white. The interior of the houses was remarkable only for simplicity; even the domiciles of the chiefs, which presented no higher distinction than an assortment of firearms and other weapons ranged against the walls. In some dwellings, likewise, the rudely constructed chests common to all were in greater number and larger bulk. The contents of these chests were, probably, a scanty wardrobe, with a hoard of precious knickknacks—*gree grees* that had lost their virtue, or whose virtue combined afforded greater security than a Braham-lock; probably, also—most probably—a few pieces of European cloths, some heads of American tobacco, and perhaps a copy of, or, more likely, some extracts from the Koran. In some instances, a few mats of superior quality were spread upon the floor, or upon a dais within a

niche which occasionally appeared in the wall, or a platform projecting from it, forming a quadrangular space of about six feet by four, for sleeping.

The dwellings were always round, resembling stunted towers, with a beam placed horizontally across the top of the wall supporting an upright pole. Rough branches of trees rise from the wall to near the top of this pole; and being placed close together, and covered with layers of dried grass, constituting the thatch, they give the building the form of a tent; but occasionally, and more especially in the houses occupied exclusively by the women and children, several extra beams are placed across, on which coarse mats are spread for the reception of store rice or corn; and in the vicinity of these dwellings, the large wooden mortars for cleaning rice, wooden bowls, calabashes, mats, and baskets, with other simple household articles, are commonly to be seen, together with some fowls picking up their living, and giving the place a look of home.

The rafters are simply rough limbs of trees, and the flooring of earth. Wooden flooring would at once become the refuge and nursery of the vermin which so invariably abound within the tropics wherever Europeans locate themselves; while the ruder habitations of the natives are comparatively, if not wholly, free from them. The raised terraces upon which the dwellings of which I am now speaking stand, and the hard compact texture of the composition, serve still further to ward off this nuisance, although the roofs are subject to the inroads of rats, which frequently find a secure retreat within the thick thatch.

In passing through some of these houses, I found the cool uniform temperature within them particularly striking; and for a moment it even produced an acute sense of chilliness. The air being admitted only through two opposite doors, a constant draught is kept up; and it may be questioned whether, with all our science and ingenuity, we could better succeed in accomplishing the object, or in constructing habitations more suitable to the climate and the exigencies of the people; whilst the luxuriant growth of fruit-trees in their vicinity dispenses here and there an agreeable shade, and gives a peculiar charm to their general aspect. One circumstance, however, struck me as militating in some degree against the promotion of coolness, and this was the close proximity of most of the houses in the yards; but within the tropics, it is shade rather than coolness which the native tribes most covet.

A town so laid out and constructed as the one I have thus attempted to describe, and which may be taken as a specimen of the larger towns generally in these regions, presents, if not actual security from aggression, at least serious obstacles to a successful assault by native enemies. With the points of ingress through the outer walls barricaded, the fire of musketry, with which the people are pretty familiar, opens upon the assailants through small apertures; and small loopholes are also pierced at short intervals in the walls themselves. Suppose an entrance to be effected, however, the invaders find every wall in the town, and every *zadingy*, pierced in a similar manner, and every separate yard a citadel in itself. Malagueah is rather a large town, and the number of such 'citadels' is consequently considerable. Although the *zadingies* have no gates, and the dwelling-houses no doors, these are scarcely needed, since, with forests close at hand, there is a ready supply of rough timber for barricades. I was much struck with the paucity of inhabitants visible, and these consisting chiefly of women and children. Some of the yards appeared wholly deserted, and others with only a few valetudinarians collected in the piazza of one house; the bulk of the male population being absent at their 'farms'—a designation given to every patch of ground appropriated to culture—or following whatever other avocations necessity or

inclination had dictated. Collectively, however, the population was estimated at about 3000.

For these particulars, I am indebted to my own observation; but still I could have done little without my guide. Nor am I less indebted to him as master of the ceremonies betwixt the 'lion' he was leading and its interested beholders, than for his laudable efforts in pacifying the screaming infants, and the more lively apprehensions of the elder class of youngsters, who scampered off in all directions on my approach, and were to be seen here and there peering from some nook and corner to which they had retreated. My indefatigable conductor seemed to have computed the precise number of 'yards' within the town, and the portion of time that required to be allotted to each of them, on the assumption that I was to visit them all; so that by the time I had seated myself in a piazza, and shaken hands with the men, and he had beckoned to and joked with the women, and then discharged a voluble description of my characteristics and habits, his peroration was ended with a spring upon his feet and a transition from *soo-soo* to English in reiterating, on every occasion: 'Come, *ole man!* you come—fine yard, eh?—fine house—fine woman, eh?—berry fine!—yes!' and away he then went with prodigious strides, his loose slippers clattering like castanets, and his long loose sleeves provoked into a mighty perturbation by the action of his arms. He was a character to amuse for a time, till the time came for putting him under some restraint; and that time arrived when we had reached the extremity of the town where the outer walls run parallel with the river. Conscious, perhaps, that, as a 'government officer,' he was fulfilling his instructions by shewing me only *over* the town, it was evidently not his intention to shew me *out* of it; and so I became the leader in turn, and, passing through the public zandging, we at once entered upon the high-road, which runs parallel with the walls, and, to the right, leads to the town of Mellicourie, at the head of the river, about fourteen miles distant. Unlike the ordinary beaten tracks which come under the name of roads in Africa, this was about forty feet wide, perfectly straight and level, and carpeted with grass as far as the eye could reach. It was flanked on either side by luxuriant forest timber. 'Fine road,' exclaimed my companion; 'berry fine, eh?—os—os road—*os here,*' pointing to the spot where we stood—'*os dere,*' waving his hand towards the distance in the vista—'*os back—ras—os ras—berry fine, berry—eh?—yes!*' by which I acquired a vague notion, afterwards confirmed, that it was the race-course. I could not resist walking about a mile in the cool shade of this beautiful avenue, contemplating the several varieties of fine timber, and the wild luxuriance of the underwood; the treading upon the soft greenward, and the breathing of a pure-tempered atmosphere, affording a grateful contrast after traversing the uneven streets in the open glare of the sun and the reflected heat from the walls and sandy soil. In returning, we still kept on the outskirts of the town at a right angle with the road, and leading towards another entrance, having the forest still on one side of us; and here my companion certainly brought me completely *ab* fault as he directed my attention to what he termed *berry-bush* in his usual strain of commendation—'*Fine berry-bush—you see—berry fine, eh?—yes!*' Presently, however, I discovered, in a more open situation between the stems of the trees, several small hillocks identical in form with our common graves; and which at once conveyed to me the fact, that this portion of the forest was the '*bury-bush,*' or *burying-ground*. On taking a more extensive survey of this region of death, I could not discover the slightest distinction in these mementoes of mortality, or any sign by which one might be identified from another. One and all alike, they collectively proclaimed to the living that 'underground precedence is a jest,' and the

Greek epitaph, slightly paraphrased, might serve for each of them:

My name—my country—what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree;
Perchance I far surpassed all other men;
Suppose I fell beneath them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a grave,
Thou know'st its use; it holds—perchance a SLAVE!

Perhaps, after all, I might have acquired the needful information, or have fully satisfied my curiosity by sauntering leisurely through the town *without a guide*. I might, with perfect nonchalance, have entered the private enclosures, popped my head into this house or that, till I had established a preference in my own mind, or until some sable damsel, perhaps, had established that preference for me. I might have jumped into the first or best hammock that presented itself, called for light for my cigar, palm-wine, jelly-coco-nuts, or whatever fruits might be courting my wayward fancy from some neighbouring trees—frightened all the children out of their wits—played tricks with the women—tried the temper or temperament of the men—'pitched into' my guide for calling me 'old man'—invaded the sanctuary of the mosques—and, finally, have subscribed my initials or my name upon the walls, in order to assist tradition in commemorating the visit of an 'Englishman' to the place. But I contemplated none of these things, and did none of them. The maxim, 'when at Rome, do as Rome does,' is not limited in its application to the eternal city; the proud boast of an Englishman, that 'his house is his castle,' simply enunciates a principle of constitutional liberty of which he is happily participant; but that boast becomes at once a reproach upon him who, whether Englishman or not, cannot reconcile patriotism with a regard to the rights of others, and who heedlessly, not to say lawlessly, invades the domicile of the unoffending 'savage.'

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE DIVOUAC OF THE GUERRILLA.

I STAYED to hear no more, but drove the spur against the ribs of my horse, till he sprang in full gallop along the road. Eager as were my men to follow, 'twas as much as they could do to keep up.

We no longer thought of scouts or cautious marching. The trappers had mounted, and were galloping with the rest. We thought only of *time*.

We rode for the hacienda de Vargas, straight up the river. Although it was beyond the rancheria, we could reach it without passing through the latter—which lay some distance back from the stream. We could return to the village afterwards, but first for the hacienda. There I wished to arrive in the shortest time possible. The miles flew behind us, like the dust of the road.

Oh, should we not be in time! I feared to calculate the length of the interval since the boy had heard that rabble rout. Was it more than an hour? Five miles to the rancho, and he on foot. Had he travelled rapidly? Yes, here and there; but he had made a stop: some men had passed him, and he had hidden in the bushes till they were out of sight. He had been more than an hour on the way—nearly two, and one would be enough for the execution of the darkest deed. Oh, we should not arrive in time!

There was no delay now. We were going at top-speed, and in silence, scarcely exchanging a word. Alone might be heard the clattering of hoofs, the chinking of bits, or the ringing of steel scabbards.

Neither the slimy gutter nor the deep rut of *carreta* wheels stayed our advance; our horses leaped over, or went sweltering through them.

In five minutes we came to the *rinconada*, where the road forked—the left branch leading to the village. We saw no one, and kept on by the right, the direct road to the hacienda. Another mile, and we should reach the house; a quarter of that distance, and we should come in sight of it; the trees alone hindered our view of its walls. On—on!

What means that light? Is the sun rising in the west? Is the chapparal on fire? Whence comes the yellow gleam, half intercepted by the trunks of the trees? It is not the moon!

'Ho! the hacienda is in flames!'

'No—it cannot be? A house of stone, with scarcely enough timber to make a blaze! It cannot be that?'

It is not that. We emerge from the forest; the hacienda is before our eyes. Its white walls gleam under a yellow light—the light of fire, but not of a conflagration. The house stands intact. A huge bonfire burns in front of the portal; it was this that caused the glare through the forest.

We draw up, and gaze upon it with surprise. We behold a huge pile—the material supplied from the household stack of dry fagots—a vast blaze drowning the pale moonshine. We can see the hacienda, and all around it, as distinctly as by the light of day!

For what purpose this holocaust of crackling acacias?

Around the fire we behold many forms, living and moving. There are men, women, dogs, and saddled horses. Huge joints are roasting over the red coals, and others, roasted, are being greedily eaten. Are they savages who surround that blazing pile? No—we can see their faces with full distinctness, the white skins and black beards of the men, the cotton garments of the women; we can see *sombreros* and *serapés*, cloth cloaks and *calzoneros* of velvet, sashes and sabres; we can distinguish their voices as they shout, sing, and carouse; we note their lascivious movements in the national dance—the *fandango*. No Indians they! 'Tis a bivouac of the *guerrilleros*—the ruffians for whom we are in search.

O that I had listened to the voice of prudence, and adopted the strategy of a surround! But my blood was boiling, and I feared to lose even a moment of time, lest we might be too late. But one or two of my followers counselled delay, and, as the event proved, they were the wisest. The rest, like myself, were impatient for action.

The word was given; and like hounds, fresh loosed from the leash, we rushed forward with charging cheer.

It was the madness of fools. Well knew our enemy the hoarse Texan 'hurrah!' It had been shouted to terrify them, when there was no need. They would never have stood ground.

The shout warned them, causing them to scatter like a herd of deer. The steep hill proved too heavy for our horses; and before we could reach its summit, the main body of the guerrilla had mounted and scampered off into the darkness. Six of them fell to our shots, and as many more, with their she-associates, remained prisoners in our hands; but as usual that subtle coward had contrived to escape. Pursuit was idle; they had taken to the dark woods beyond the hill.

I thought not of pursuit; my mind was bent on a far different purpose.

I rode into the *patio*. The court was lit up by the glare of the fire. It presented a picture of ruin. Rich furniture was scattered about in the verandah and over the pavement, broken or tumbled down. I called her name—the name of Don Ramon. Loudly and earnestly did I raise my voice, but echo gave me the only reply.

I dismounted, and rushed into the verandah, still vociferating, and still without receiving a response. I hurried from room to room—from *cuarto* to *sala*—from *sala* to *saguan*—up to the *azotea*—everywhere—even to the *capilla* in the rear. The moonbeams gleamed upon the altar, but no human form was there. The whole house was deserted; the domestics—even the women of the *cocina*—had disappeared. My horse and I seemed the only living things within those walls—for my followers had remained outside with their prisoners.

A sudden hope gleamed across my heart. Perhaps they had taken my counsel, and gone off before the mob appeared? Heaven grant it might be so!

I rushed out to question the captives. They should know, both men and women: they could certainly tell me.

A glance shewed me I was too late to receive information from the men. A large *pecan* tree stood at one corner of the building. The firelight glared upon it; from its branches hung six human forms with drooping heads, and feet far from the earth. They had just ceased to live!

One told me that the *herrerero* was among them, and also the cruel *matador*. Pedro had identified both. The others were *pelados* of the town, who had borne part in the affair of the day. Their judges had made quick work, and equally quick had been the ceremony of execution. Lazos had been reeved over the limbs of the *pecan*, and with these all six had been jerked up without shrift or prayer!

It was not revenge for which I panted. I turned to the women; many of these had made off, but there were still a dozen or more in the hands of the men. They looked haggard with drink; some sullen, and some terrified. They had reason to be afraid.

In answer to my questions, they shook their heads, but gave me no information. Some remained doggedly silent; others denied all knowledge of Don Ramon or his daughter. Threats had no effect. They either knew not, or feared to tell what had befallen them. O heaven! could it be the latter?

I was turning away angered and despairing, when my eyes fell upon a figure that seemed to skulk under the shadow of the walls. A shout of joy escaped me as I recognised the boy Cyprío; he was just emerging from his place of concealment.

'Cyprío?' I cried.

'*Si señor's*,' answered he, advancing rapidly to where I stood.

'Tell me, Cyprío! where are they gone—where—where?'

'*Carrai señor's!* these bad men have carried the *dueño* away; I do not know whither.'

'The *señora*? the *señora*?'

'Oh! *cavallero!* *es una cosa espantosa!*' (It is a terrible thing.)

'Quick, tell me all! Quickly, Cyprío!'

'*Señor's*, there came men with black masks, who broke into the house and carried off the master; then they dragged out Doña Isolina into the patio! *Ay de mí!* I cannot tell you what they did before—*pobre señorita!* There was blood running down her neck and all over her breast: she was not dressed, and I could see it. Some went to the *caballeriza*, and led out the white horse—the steed that was brought from the *llanos*. Upon his back they bound Doña Isolina. *Valga me dios!* such a sight!'

'Go on!'

'Then, *señor's*, they led the horse across the river, and out to the plain beyond. All went along, to see the sport, as they said—*ay de mí!* such sport! I did not go, for they beat and threatened to kill me; but I saw all from the hill-top, where I had hidden myself in the bushes. *O Santissima María!*'

'Go on!'

'Then, señor's, they stuck *cohetes* in the hips of the horse, and set them on fire, and pulled off the bridle, and the steed went off, with fire-rockets after him, and Doña Isolina tied down upon his back—*pobre señorita!* I could see the horse till he was far, far away upon the llano, and then I could see him no more. *Dios de mi alma! la niña esta perdida!*' (Alas! the young lady is lost.)

'Some water! Rube! Garey! friends—water! water!'—

I made an attempt to reach the fountain in the patio; but, after staggering dizzily a pace or two, my strength failed me, and I fell fainting to the earth.

CHAPTER LVII.

TAKING THE TRAIL.

I had merely swooned. My nerves and frame were still weak from the blood-letting I had received in the combat of yesterday. The shock of the horrid news was too much for my powers of endurance.

I was insensible only for a short while; the cold water revived me.

When consciousness returned, I was by the fountain, my back leaning against its parapet edge; Rube, Garey, and others were around me. From my dripping garments, I perceived that they had doused me, and one was pouring a fiery spirit down my throat. There were men on horseback, who had ridden into the patio—the iron hoofs causing the court to ring. They were rangers, but not those who had left camp in my company. Some had arrived since, and others were still galloping up. Those girls had reached the ranger camp, and told their tale. The men had not waited for orders, or even for one another, but rushing to their horses, took the road in twos and threes. Every moment, a horseman, or several together, came riding forward in hot haste, carrying their rifles, as if ready for action, and uttering loud cries of indignation.

Wheatley had arrived among the foremost. Poor fellow! his habitual buoyancy had departed; the gay smile was gone from his lips. His eyes were on fire, and his teeth set in the stern expression of heart-consuming vengeance.

Amidst the hoarse shouting of the men, I heard screaming in the shriller voices of women. It came from without.

I rose hastily, and ran towards the spot: I saw several of the wretched captives stripped to the waist, and men in the act of flogging them, with mule-quirts and pieces of raw-hide rope.

I had feared it was worse; I had feared that their captors were inflicting upon them a *retaliation in kind*. But no—angry as were my followers, they had not proceeded to such a fiendish extremity.

It required all the authority of a command to put an end to the distressing spectacle. They desisted at length, and the screeching and affrighted wretches were permitted to take themselves away—all disappearing rapidly beyond the light of the fire.

At this crisis, a shout was raised: 'To the rancharia, to the rancharia!' and instantly a party, with Wheatley and Holingsworth at its head, rode off for the village. Pedro went along with them.

I waited not for their return; I had formed a plan of action for myself, that would admit of no delay in its execution.

At first, stunned by the blow, and the distraction of my swooning senses, I had not been able to think; as soon as the confusion passed, and I could reflect more clearly, the course I ought to pursue was at once apparent. Vengeance I had felt as the first impulse, and a strong desire to follow up the fiend Ijorra—night and day to follow him—though the pursuit should lead me into the heart of the hostile ground.

This was but a momentary impulse: vengeance must be stifled for the time. A path was to be taken that widely diverged from that of the retreating guerrilla—the trail of the white steed.

Mounting Cyprio, and choosing from my band half-a-dozen of the best trackers, was the work of a moment. In another, we were in the saddle; and descending the hill, we plunged rapidly through the stream, crossed the skirting timber, and soon reached the open prairie.

Under Cyprio's guidance, we found the spot desecrated by that cruel display. The ground was trampled by many hoofs; fragments of paper—powder-blackened—broken rocket-sticks, and half-burnt fuses, strewed the sward—the pyrotechnic *reliquia* of the fiendish spectacle.

We halted not there. By the aid of our guide and the moonlight, we rode clear of the confusion; and taking up the trail of the horse, struck off upon it, and were soon far out upon the prairie.

For more than a mile we advanced at a gallop. Time was everything. Trusting to the intelligence of the Mexican boy, we scarcely scrutinised the track, but made directly for the point where the horse had been last seen.

Cyprio's information did not deceive us. A *motte* of timber had served him as a mark: the steed had passed close to its edge. Beyond it, he had seen him no more.

Beyond it, we found the tracks, easily recognisable by Rube, Garey, and myself. There was a peculiarity by which we were prevented from mistaking them: three of the prints were clearly cut in the turf—almost perfect circles—the curve of the fourth—of the off fore-foot—was interrupted by a slight indentation, where a piece had been broken from the hoof. It had been done in that terrible leap upon the rocky bed of the barranca.

Taking the trail again, we kept on—now advancing at a slower pace, and with a greater degree of caution. Late rains had moistened the prairie-turf, and we could perceive the tracks without dismounting. At intervals, there were stretches of drier surface, where the hoof had scarcely left its impression. In such places, one leaped from the saddle, and led the way on foot. Rube or Garey usually performed this office; and so rapidly did they move along the trail, that our horses were seldom in a walk. With bodies half bent, and eyes gliding along the ground, they pressed forward like hounds running by the scent, but, unlike these, the trackers made no noise. Not a word was spoken by any one. I had no list for speech; my agony was too intense for utterance.

With Cyprio I had conversed upon the harrowing theme, and that only at starting. From him I had gathered further details. No doubt, the matador had performed his office. O God! without ears!

Cyprio had seen blood; it was streaming adown her neck and over her bosom: her slight garments were stained red with it. He knew not whence it came, or why she was bleeding. He was not present when that blood had been drawn; it was in her chamber, he thought. She was bleeding when the ruffians dragged her forth!

Belike, too, the *herradero* had done his work? Cyprio had seen the blacksmith, but not the *fierra*. He heard they had branded some at the plaza, among others the daughter of the *alcaldé*—*pobre Conchita!* He did not see them brand the Doña Isolina.

The ruffian deed might have been accomplished for all that; there was plenty of time, while the boy lay hid.

How was she placed upon the horse?

Despite my heart's bitterness, as I put these interrogatories, I could not help thinking of the Cossack legend. The famed classic picture came vividly before

my mind. Wide was the distance between the Ukraine and the Rio Bravo. Had the monsters who re-enacted this scene on the banks of the Mexican river—had these ever heard of Mazepa? Possibly their leader had; but still more probable that the fiendish thought was original.

The fashion at least was. Cyprio had seen and could describe it.

She was laid longitudinally upon the back of the steed, her head resting upon the point of his shoulder. Her face was downward, her cheek touching the withers. Her arms embraced the neck, and her wrists were made fast under the animal's throat. Her body was held in position by means of a belt around her waist, attached to a surcingle on the horse—both tightly buckled. In addition to this, her ankles, bound together by a thong, were fastened to the croup, with her feet projecting beyond the hips!

I groaned as I listened to the details.

The ligation was perfect—cruelly complete. There was no hope that such fastenings would give way. Those thongs of raw-hide would not come undone. Horse and rider could never part from that unwilling embrace—never, till hunger, thirst, death—no, not even death could part them! O horror!

Not without groans could I contemplate the hideous fate of my betrothed—of her whose love had become my life.

I left the tracking to my comrades, and my horse to follow after. I rode with loose rein, and head drooping forward; I scarcely gave thought to design. My heart was well-nigh broken.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE VOYAGEUR.

We had not gone far when some one closed up beside me, and muttered a word of cheer; I recognised the friendly voice of the big trapper.

'Don't be afeerd, capt'n,' said he, in a tone of encouragement; 'don't be afeerd! Rube an me'll find 'em afore thar's any harm done. I don't b'lieve the white hoss 'll gallip fur, knowin thar's someb'dy on his back. It war them gim-cracks that sot him off. When they burn out, he'll come to a dead halt, an then—'

'And then?' I inquired mechanically.

'We'll get up, an your black 'll be able to overhaul him in a jump or two.'

I began to feel hope. It was but a momentary gleam, and died out in the next instant.

'If the moon 'ud only hold out,' continued Garey, with an emphasis denoting doubt.

'Rot the moon!' said a voice interrupting him; 'she's a gwine to guv out. Wagh!'

It was Rube who had uttered the unpleasant prognostication, in a peevish, but confident tone.

All eyes were turned upward. The moon, round and white, was sailing through a cloudless sky, and almost in the zenith. How, then, was she to 'give out'? She was near the full, and could not set before morning. What did Rube mean? The question was put to him.

'Look ee 'ander!' said he in reply. 'D'ees see thet ur black line, down low on the paraira?'

There appeared a dark streak along the horizon to the eastward. Yes, we saw it.

'Wal,' continued Rube, 'thur's no timber thur—ne'er a stick—nor high groun neyther: thet ur's a cloud; I've seed the likes afore. Wait a bit. Wagh! In jest ten minnits, the durned thing 'll kiver up the moon, an make thet putty blue sky look as black as the hide o' an Afrikin nigger—'it will.'

'I'm afeerd he's right, capt'n,' said Garey, in a desponding tone. 'I war doubtful o' it myself: the

sky looked too near. I didn't like it a bit: thar's always a change when things are better 'n common.'

I needed not to inquire the consequences, should Rube's prediction prove correct; that was evident to all of us. The moon once obscured by clouds, our progress would be arrested: even a horse could not be tracked in the darkness.

We were not long in suspense. Again the foresight of the old trapper proved unerring. Cumuli rolled up the sky one after another, until their black masses shrouded the moon. At first, they came only in detached clouds, and there was light at intervals; but these were only the advanced columns of a heavier body, that soon appeared, and without a break, spread itself pall-like over the firmament.

The moon's disc became entirely hidden from our view; her scattered beams died out, and the prairie lay dark as if shadowed by an eclipse.

We could follow the trail no farther. The ground itself was not visible, much less the hoof-prints we had been tracing; and halting simultaneously, we drew our horses together, and sat in our saddles to deliberate upon what was best to be done.

The consultation was a short one. They who formed that little party were all men of prairie or backwoods experience, and well versed in the ways of the wilderness. It took them but little time to decide what course should be followed; and they were unanimous in their opinion. Should the sky continue clouded, we must give up the pursuit till morning, or adopt the only alternative—follow the trail by torch-light.

Of course the latter was determined upon. It was yet early in the night; many hours must intervene before we should have the light of day. I could not live through those long hours without action. Even though our progress might be slow, the knowledge that we were advancing would help to stifle the painfulness of reflection.

'A torch! a torch!'

Where was such a thing to be procured? We had with us no material with which to make one; there was no timber near! We were in the middle of a naked prairie. The universal mezquite—the *algar obia glandulosa*—excellent for such a purpose, grew nowhere in the neighbourhood. Who was to find the torch? Even Rube's ingenuity could not make one out of nothing.

'Ecoutez, mon capitaine!' cried Le Blanc, an old voyageur—'écoutez! vy me no ride back, et vou lanterne bring from ze ville Mexicaine?'

True, why not? We were yet but a few miles from the rancharia. The Canadian's idea was a good one.

'Je connais,' he continued—'know I, pe gar! ze ver spot où—vere—sont cachées—hid les chandelles magnifiques—von, deux, tree big candles—vax, vax—'

'Wax-candles?'

'Oui—oui, messieurs! tres grand comme un bâton; ze ver chose pour allumer la prairie.'

'You know where they are? You could find them, Le Blanc?'

'Oui, messieurs—je connais: les chandelles sont cachées dans l'église—zey are in ze church hid.'

'Ha! in the church?'

'Oui, messieurs; c'est un grand sacrilège, mon Dieu! ver bad; mais n'importe cela. Eef mon capitaine permis, vill allow pour aller Monsieur Quack'bosh, he go chez moi; nous chercherons; ve bring ze chandelles—pe gar ve bring him!'

From the mixed gibberish of the voyageur, I could gather his meaning well enough. He knew of a depository of wax-candles, and the church of the rancharia was the place in which they were kept. I was not in a frame of mind to care much for the sacrilege, and my companions were still less scrupulous. The act was determined upon, and Le Blanc and

Quackenboss, without more delay, took the back-track for the village.

The rest of us dismounted, and picketing our horses to the grass, lay down to await the return of the messengers.

CHAPTER LIX.

TRAILING BY TORCH-LIGHT.

While thus inactive, my mind yielded itself up to the contemplation of painful probabilities. Horrid spectacles passed before my imagination. I saw the white horse galloping over the plain, pursued by wolves, and shadowed by black vultures. To escape these hungry pursuers, I saw him dash into the thick chaparral, there to encounter the red panther or the fierce prowling bear—there to encounter the sharp thorns of the acacias, the barbed spines of the cactus, and the recurving claw-like armature of the wild aloes. I could see the red blood streaming adown his white flanks—not his blood, but that of the helpless victim stretched prostrate along his back. I could see the lacerated limbs—the ankles chafed and swollen—the garments torn to shreds—the drooping head—the long loose hair tossed and trailing to the earth—the white wan lips—the woe-bespeaking eyes—Oh! I could bear my reflections no longer. I sprang to my feet, and paced the prairie with the aimless unsteady step of a madman.

Again the kind-hearted trapper approached, and renewed his efforts to console me.

'We could follow the trail,' he said, 'by torch or candle light, almost as fast as we could travel; we should be many miles along it before morning; maybe before then we should get sight of the steed. It would not be hard to surround and capture him; now that he was half-tamed, he might not run from us; if he did, he could be overtaken. Once in view, we would not lose sight of him again. The saynyora would be safe enough; there was nothing to hurt her: the wolves would not know the "fix" she was in, neyther the "bars" nor "painters." We should be sure to come up with her before the next night, and would find her first rate; a little tired and hungry, no doubt, but nothing to hurt. We should relieve her, and rest would set all right again.'

Notwithstanding the rude phrase in which these consolatory remarks were made, I appreciated the kind intent.

Garey's speech had the effect of rendering me more hopeful; and in calmer mood, I awaited the return of Quackenboss and the Canadian.

These did not linger. Two hours had been allowed them to perform their errand; but long before the expiration of that period, we heard the double trampling of their horses as they came galloping across the plain.

In a few minutes they rode up, and we could see in the hands of Le Blanc three whitish objects, that in length and thickness resembled stout walking-canes. We recognised *les chandelles magnifiques*.

They were the property of the church, designed, no doubt, to have illumined the altar upon the occasion of some grand *dia de fiesta*.

'Voilà! mon capitaine!' cried the Canadian, as he rode forward—'voilà les chandelles! Ah, mon Dieu! c'est von big sacrilège, et je suis bon Chrétien—buen Catolico, as do call 'im ze dam Mexicaine; bien—ze bon Dieu we forgive—God ve pardon vill pour—for ze grand necessitie; sure certaine he vill me pardon—Lige et moi—ze brave Monsieur Quack'bosh.'

The messengers had brought news from the village. Some rough proceedings had taken place since our departure. Men had been punished; fresh victims had been found under the guidance of Pedro and others

of the abused. The trees in the church enclosure that night bore horrid fruit.

The alcaidé was not dead; and Don Ramon, it was supposed, still survived, but had been carried off a prisoner by the guerrilla! The rangers were yet at the rancheria; many had been desirous of returning with Le Blanc and Quackenboss, but I had sent orders to the lieutenants to take all back to camp as soon as their affair was over. The fewer of the troop that should be absent, the less likelihood of our being missed, and those I had with me I deemed enough for my purpose. Whether successful or not, we should soon return to camp. It would then be time to devise some scheme for capturing the leader and prime actor in this terrible tragedy.

Hardly waiting to hear the story, we lighted the great candles, and moved once more along the trail.

Fortunately, the breeze was but slight, and only served to make the huge waxen torches flare more freely. By their brilliant blaze, we were enabled to take up the tracks, quite as rapidly as by the moonlight. At this point, the horse had been still going at full gallop; and his course, as it ran in a direct line, rendered it more easy to be followed.

Dark as the night was, we soon perceived we were heading for a point well known to all of us—the prairie mound; and, under a faint belief that the steed might have there come to a stop, we pressed forward with a sort of hopeful anticipation.

After an hour's tracking, the white cliffs loomed within the circle of our view, the shining selenite glancing back the light of our tapers, like a wall set with diamonds.

We approached with caution, still keeping on the trail, but also keenly scrutinising the ground in advance of us—in hopes of perceiving the object of our search. Neither by the cliff, nor in the gloom around, was living form to be traced.

Sure enough the steed had halted there, or, at all events, ceased from his wild gallop. He had approached the mound in a walk, as the tracks testified; but how, and in what direction had he gone thence? His hoof-prints no longer appeared. He had passed over the shingle, that covered the plain to a distance of many yards from the base of the cliff, and no track could be found beyond.

Several times we went around the mesa, carrying our candles everywhere. We saw skeletons of men and horses with skulls detached, fragments of dresses, and pieces of broken armour—souvenirs of our late skirmish—we looked into our little fortress, and gazed upon the rock that had sheltered us; we glanced up the gorge where we had climbed, and beheld the rope by which we had descended still hanging in its place: all these we saw, but no further traces of the steed!

Round and round we went, back and forward, over the stony shingle, and along its outer edge, but still without coming upon the tracks. Whither could the horse have gone?

Perhaps, with a better light, we might have found the trail; but for a long hour we searched, without striking upon any sign of it. Perhaps we might still have found it, even with our waxen torches, but for an incident that not only interrupted our search, but filled us with fresh apprehension, and almost stifled our hopes of success.

The interruption did not come unexpected. The clouds had for some time given ample warning. The big solitary drops that at intervals fell with plashing noise upon the rocks, were but the *avant-couriers* of one of the great rain-storms of the prairie, when water descends as if from a shower-bath. We knew from the signs that such a storm was nigh; and while casting around to recover the trail, it commenced in all its fury.

Almost in an instant our lights were extinguished, and our bootless search brought to a termination.

We drew up under the rocks, and stood side by side in sullen silence. Even the elements seemed against me. In my heart's bitterness, I cursed them.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LOOKING on the surface of things, it might be thought there was nothing but politics to talk about—how the elections went, and so forth. However, science and art have not ceased to advance as an undercurrent: mathematicians have made further discoveries in their favourite science, and sent the results to the Royal Society in papers very learned, and very abstruse. Chemists have not been idle, as will ere long be demonstrated. Among them, Dr Marcet is realising experiments which Gulliver the voracious once saw at Laputa; he, the doctor, being engaged in an elaborate investigation of the nature and properties of fecal matters, and not without important consequences. Some part of his researches has appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and now he has carried the inquiry further, and exhibits beautifully formed crystals of a new substance, to which he gives the name *excretine*.—Dr Herapath is studying the optical character of certain alkaloids, quinin and cinchonidin, as chemists call them, and has obtained some singularly interesting results, which come in with the manifold phenomena of light.—Mr Faraday's views on the *Conservation of Force*, as mentioned in our last, have already met a rejoinder from a partisan of the old doctrine; hence, we may hope ere long to see these views presented in a popular form.—And when we add that Major-general Sabine is occupied with a voluminous work on terrestrial magnetism, which is to embody everything at present known on that interesting subject, it will be seen that science has not abated her thoughtful labours while the nation has been speaking out its mind on political affairs.—The science of magnetism has suffered a loss by the death of Dr Scoresby. He was devoted to it, and we hear that his decease was hastened by over-exertion in his late voyage to Australia, which resulted in confirming his theory for correcting the compass on board iron ships in both hemispheres.

We mentioned not long ago Professor William Thomson's theory for signaling rapidly by telegraph, by means of what he calls 'condensed pulses,' to be reduced to practice some day on the Atlantic telegraph. So far, everything promises well for success: the United States Congress have approved the measures for laying down the cable; and the government will lend two of their most powerful steamers to assist in the work. Our Admiralty will also lend two; and the project is, that the four shall meet about the middle of the Atlantic, when, two of them being laden with the halves of the cable, the wires will be united, and the vessels, steering in opposite directions, will pay out cable till the shore on either side is reached. The other two steamers are to keep near at hand to render assistance in case of need.—Meanwhile, Mr C. V. Walker has discovered an ingenious method of signaling on a railway—in other words, of enabling the guards of a disabled train to ask for help from the nearest stations in either direction. It has been

for some time in use on the South-eastern Railway—one of the most efficient telegraph lines in the kingdom—and answers its purpose so well, that we see no reason why it should not be generally adopted. To describe it in few words, we must premise that by a peculiar arrangement of the battery apparatus, Mr Walker keeps the 'line-wire' in what he calls a null condition. Suppose, then, that a train breaks down. The guard, who carries with him a slender iron rod, hooks one end of it to the null-wire, and with the other touches one of the rails; whereupon, seeing that magnetic currents are constantly passing along the rails, a shock or impulse is at once transmitted from the rail, through the rod, and along the line-wire to the stations. Each touch becomes a signal; and by a simple code combining six touches, the nature of the assistance required may be indicated, for, as is easy to imagine, such a method involves no spelling out of words on a dial-plate. Here, then, is a great desideratum accomplished; simple, and yet effectual. Its importance is recognised by an account of it having been read at a meeting of the Royal Society, as may be seen in the *Proceedings* of that learned body.

Apropos of the Society: we promised to report progress concerning them. They are now removed to their new and commodious quarters in Burlington House, where, for the benefit of science, the Linnæan and Chemical Societies are to lodge under the same roof. The apartments which the Society have occupied in Somerset House since 1780, will now, we believe, be converted into government offices; and so the memorable associations that haunt therein, will be disturbed by the intrusion of bustling clerks, with tape, desks, and easy-chairs.

Mr Palliser's project for an exploration of parts of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory lying beyond the Red River Settlement and the Saskatchewan, is approved by government, and some of the party are already on the way to the scene of their labours. Among them there will be a botanist, mineralogist, and geologist; so that we shall get trustworthy information concerning the natural resources of the country, as well as its topography and capabilities. Some three or four years ago, we mentioned a report published by the Geographical Society on the region in question, in which its general features were described—a fertile land, rivers and lakes teeming with fish, and picturesque withal. When the present expedition shall have accomplished its task, we shall doubtless hear of a brisk immigration from Canada West and the adjacent States. Among the instruments with which the explorers will be supplied, are those necessary for taking magnetic observations—the phenomena being, as is well known, of especial interest in the higher latitudes. Seeing that the instruments were verified at the Kew Observatory, and that a committee of the Royal Society gave counsel as to the scientific objects of the expedition, the best results may be hoped for.

Yet another is to be added to the list of travellers who have perished while exploring the interior of Africa, if the news be true that Dr Vogel was assassinated after leaving Kuka with the hope and intention of reaching the Nile. As will be remembered, he went out three years ago accompanied by two sappers, to join Dr Barth. The latter has returned in safety; and we trust that the rumour of his follower's death will turn out to be unfounded.—The Leichardt exploring-party are still missing in Australia, and late accounts from the colonies mention a searching expedition as likely to be set on foot.

Another example of what can be done with coloured bricks and good workmanship towards improving street-architecture, may now be seen in Fetter Lane—a site by no means favourable. It is a four-story building, intended for a printing-office; and with its harmonious colours, arched windows, ornamental cornice and

chimneys, proves to demonstration that a place of business need not be ugly. The streets of London are so eminently capable of improvement in this particular, that we gladly notice a favourable fact.—We hear from time to time of Model Lodging-houses opened in provincial towns—as recently at Ipswich—implying an advance in social arrangements, yet, from some cause, these houses in London do not flourish. Either the rents are too high, or there is too much of going up and down stairs, or the regulations are such as not to leave sufficient freedom to the ordinary class of tenants. The latter is probably the most powerful cause. We heard recently of an eminent manufacturing firm in Suffolk who built comfortable rooms as lodgings for the single men in their employment. No objection was made to the amount of rent, or to the accommodation; there was everything that an artisan could require for comfort and self-respect, and yet the rooms were left untenanted. ‘The men,’ said one of the firm, ‘prefer a pigsty with liberty, to decent quarters with regulations. And liberty has a wide meaning—from leave to be dirty, to license to tittle.’

The Institute of British Architects have submitted the name of Mr Owen Jones to the Queen, as one worthy the award of the Royal medal; and they purpose giving their ‘Soane Medallion’ and ‘Medal of Merit’ for the two best designs for a metropolitan hotel. They announce, moreover, as subjects for future prizes: ‘The application of wrought iron to structural purposes’; ‘The influence of local materials on English architecture’; and they promise a tangible honour ‘for the best design in not less than five drawings, for—a marine sanitarium, or building for the temporary residence of a limited number of convalescents belonging to the middle and upper classes of society.’ The Institute do not confine themselves to the merely useful, as Mr Papworth’s paper lately read before them, ‘On Beauty in Architecture and its Alliance with the Past,’ abundantly testifies.

Certain agricultural chemists in France have discovered that pounded glass is profitable in cultivation of the land; and M. Paul Thénard is making experiments on a great scale with the pulverised slag of blast-furnaces. This slag he believes to be equivalent to feldspathic rock, and eminently attackable by the agents present in the soil and atmosphere; for the constituents are silicates, anhydrous potash, and iron. He has set up the necessary machinery for pulverising the stubborn lumps, and promises to publish his results as soon as they are justified by practice. Should they confirm the results obtained on a smaller scale, what an opening there will be for a new branch of industry, in the preparation of a fertiliser from heaps of refuse, at present regarded as a nuisance; and what profit Staffordshire will make out of its hideous mountains of waste!

Schoenbein, pursuing his experiments on ozone, finds certain facts, apparently unimportant in themselves, but not so in their relations to chemical science. He shews that an alcoholic solution of two kinds of mushrooms—*Boletus luridus* and *Agaricus sanguineus*—colourless in itself, turns blue under the influence of ozone; and that the expressed juice of these same mushrooms contains an organic matter capable of transforming oxygen into ozone.—A series of test-experiments for ozone, made last year at Birmingham, confirm the conclusions arrived at in other towns in England and on the continent. ‘When the wind blew from the country,’ says the observer, ‘a fair, or probably a full quantity of ozone was indicated; but when the current of air had passed over the town, or came from the colliery district, there was no indication of it, excepting in high winds, when traces of it were noticed.’—Professor Rogers of Boston, United States, from a similar course of experiments, inclines to believe that the presence of ozone is dependent on certain winds. During easterly

or southerly winds, for example, he found ozone to be nearly or quite undiscoverable, but abundant on a change to the west or north-west. As there is much greater contrast in respect of dryness and moisture among the winds of the United States than of this country, it is not improbable that, from a long course of observations, something like a law may be arrived at for this remarkable atmospheric constituent.

The nursery established in Algeria by the French government, at the instance of the Société d’Acclimation, prospers with some of its productions. Three plants of caoutchouc (*Ficus elastica*) brought from Coromandel twelve years ago, are now ‘nearly ten mètres high, and eighty centimètres in circumference at one mètre from the ground, and the branches extending horizontally cover a great space.’ These trees were tapped in 1855, in order that specimens of Algerine caoutchouc might appear in the Paris Exhibition. The *Croton sebiferum*, from China, is also successful, having begun to yield fruit, and the sugar-sorgho. This latter plant, says M. Hardy, the director, ‘secretes on the surface of its stalks, at full maturity, a white resinous powder, from which candles could be made. A hectare of sorgho gives more than a hundred kilogrammes of this substance.’ As yet, the attempts made to acclimatise wax and tallow-bearing plants, the gutta-percha and Peruvian bark, have failed.

There is a project for starting a manufactory of perfumes in Algeria, originating in M. Millon’s ingenious researches. In a description of his process, we are told that, ‘to avoid the alterations which flowers undergo on drying or distillation, he separates the aromatic part by dissolving it in a very volatile liquid, which is afterwards expelled by distillation. With such a solvent, the distillation is attended by no inconvenience, for it may be performed at a low temperature.’ The best solvents are ether and sulphuret of carbon. ‘Properly managed, there is very little loss of the solvent, and the distillation is rapidly performed, much more rapidly, and with a larger quantity of leaves and flowers, than by the ordinary method. But the gathering of the flowers should be done at the proper time of day for each flower. Thus, the carnation gives off its perfume after an exposure of two or three hours to the sun. Roses, on the contrary, should be gathered in the morning as soon as well open; the jasmine before sunrise.’ By this process the perfume becomes isolated, and may be kept exposed to the air for years without alteration. The project becomes important by the side of the fact, that the annual value of the perfumes exported from France is 80,000,000 francs.

Last year, in consequence of accidents arising out of the use of brine in food, the Council of Health of Paris were charged to inquire into the subject. We reproduce a passage from their report: ‘The use of brine as a condiment or seasoning in the nutriment of man has hitherto had no injurious effect, and nothing authorises the opinion that an economical process so advantageous for the poor should be proscribed. The same is not true of the abuse which is made of this substance in the nourishment and in the treatment of the diseases of certain animals, especially swine and horses. Authentic facts and recent experiments shew that the mixture of brine in considerable quantity with food may produce real poisoning. In all cases, brine preserved too long or in contact with rancid meat should not be employed except with the greatest care, and after it has been purified by skimming off all the scum which forms on the surface.’

By way of conclusion—Mr Tooke has published the last volume of his *History of Prices*. Having now exceeded the age of fourscore, he leaves the continuation of the interesting subject to younger hands. Three striking points come out on perusal of the book, which, in brief, are, that in Mr Tooke’s opinion, the rate of

interest will not for a long time, if at all, be lower than at present; that the price of provisions will rise rather than fall; and that a great financial crash is imminent in France.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The Amazons in New York have commenced this year's campaign by petitioning the legislature for women's rights. The petition is referred to the judiciary committee, of which it is supposed Judge Fort will be the chairman. Last session, this judge gave the following report on the same question: 'The petitioners ask that there may be established by law an equality of rights between the two sexes. The judiciary committee is composed of married and single gentlemen. The bachelors on the committee, with becoming diffidence, have left the subject pretty much to the married gentlemen. These have considered it with the aid of the light they have before them, and the experience married life has given them. Thus aided, they are enabled to state that ladies have the best piece and choicest titbit at table, the warmest place in winter, and the coolest place in summer. They have their choice on which side of the bed they will lie, front or back. A lady's dress costs three times as much as that of a gentleman; and at the present time, with the prevailing fashion, one lady occupies three times as much space in the world as a gentleman. It has thus appeared to the married gentlemen of your committee, being a majority—the bachelors being silent for the reasons mentioned, and also, probably, for the further reason that they are still suitors for the favours of the gentler sex—that if there is any inequality or oppression in the case, the gentlemen are the sufferers. They, however, have presented no petition for redress, having doubtless made up their minds to yield to an inevitable destiny. On the whole, the committee have concluded to recommend no measure, except that, as they have observed several instances in which husband and wife have both signed the same petition—in such case they would recommend the parties to apply for a law authorising them to change dresses, so that the husband may wear the petticoats, and the wife the breeches, and thus indicate to their neighbours and the public the true relation in which they stand to each other.'

FISHING IN CHINA.

It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China—sometimes acting in communities, sometimes independent and isolated. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled which is not practised with success in China—every variety of net, from vast seines embracing miles, to the smallest hand-*filet* in the care of a child. Fishing by night, and fishing by day—fishing in moonlight, by torchlight, and in utter darkness—fishing in boats of all sizes—fishing by those who are stationary on the rock by the sea-side, and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest of seas—fishing by cormorants—fishing by divers—fishing with lines, with baskets, by every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as a field of fertile land. At daybreak, every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving all they do not sell to be returned to the pond or kept for another day's service.—*Sir John Bowring in the Transactions of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Part V.*

IDENTITY OF DYAK AND EUROPEAN GAMES.

Games are practised among them, some of which astonished us by their similarity to those practised by the peasantry of Europe; particularly that of climbing up a large pole, previously greased to render the achievement difficult of performance, and to the top of which a piece of pork is attached. The meat is the reward of the person

whose agility renders him the first to attain this eminence, and the frequent failures in the attempts call forth from the gazing crowds bursts of laughter as loud and long-continued as from those who gaze at the similar spectacle at an English country-fair. . . . I observed the children playing at peg-top precisely as do those of England; but their tops had no iron pegs, and more resembled those which at school we used to call whipping-tops. I looked on the game with delight, and saw the spinning-top, the mark for the others, receive several smart blows; but they appeared to be of very hard wood, and though driven to some distance, were never broken.—*Low's Sarawak.*

DAY.

NIGHT's shades are waning fast—approaching Dawn,
A gray dim phantom, creeps along the sky,
With ashen lips, and face all blanched and wan,
And silver-dusky eyes of vacancy,
And spectral form revealed mysteriously
Down to her ghostly middle, and the rest
All lost in pearly mist, that floatingly
Seems her gray garments trailing low on Earth's
expansive breast.

With cold wan breath that dims the shivering stars,
She parts the sable curtains of the night,
And the east portal of the sky unbars—
And straight a shower of faintest purple light
Plays strangely round her brow of dusky white
With mystic glimmer—and her wavering form
Wanes in dissolving radiance from the sight,
As grow the herald tints of day more eloquent and
warm.

Pale amber waves of light, in billowy floods,
Surge grandly in upon the waking sky,
With soft faint green, like tint of April woods,
And rich warm crimson, blent exquisitely—
Till misty hills blush with the brilliancy,
And on their glowing tops stands laughing Day
With outspread wings, steeped in each gorgeous dye,
And crown of radiant horny beams, that round his
temples play.

Clad in his own bright loveliness he stands—
Blue floating eyes look on the world below,
And burnished hair, loosed from its gleaming bands,
Falls o'er his frame with undulating flow—
Red beamy lips, and cheeks of ruddy glow,
Fresh flowery zone, and fair green-sandalled feet,
And fleecy robes that flutter to and fro
In the pure healthful radiant gush of his own
breathings sweet.

Laughing he stands, and floods of sunny light
From each fair burning tress shakes down on earth,
And views with smiles his seraph-image bright
That the sweet waking waters mirror forth—
Till Nature stirs, and with a smile of mirth
Unveils her placid face, all fresh with dews,
And lifts her temples for that gift of worth,
The crown of Light, flung sparkling down from those
bright hands profuse!

E. H. C. D.

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